

THE
PROGRESS
OF Stupidity (H)
DULNESS.

By an Eminent HAND.

Which will serve for an
Explanation of the DUNCIAD.

Nought but Himself can be his Parallel.

THEOB.

Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient Right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their Dotage this fair Ideot gave,
Gross as her Sire, and as her Mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy the Mind.

DUNC.

L O N D O N:

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By an Eminent Hand.

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Explanation of the Diagram.

CONT

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MOBIL

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THE
PUBLISHER

TO THE
READER.



HIS POEM will (according to the *Publick Notice* we have given, and to our present *Title-Page*) fully explain our DUNCIAD. For as all Rivers derive their Source from some, perhaps imperceptible, *Spring*, yet here our *Reader*, by a faithful Clue, will be gradually led to the *Spring-Head* of DULNESS. And without having Recourse to Dr. *Pemberton's* Unravelment of the most intricate Philosophy, we may now trace
the

The Publisher to the Reader.

the GODDESS through all her Labyrinthical Mazes from *Windsor-Forest*, to *Twickenham-Highway*, and even there perceive the Workings of the subterraneous Conclave.

MAY this Publication be a *Tabula Votiva* of my Gratitude; for since, through all the *Arts*, either of *Rising*, or *Sinking*, in *POETRY*, the Author has ever vouchsafed to *Remember Me*; may my *Right-Hand* forget its *Opening*, whenever I forget *Him*.

N. B. The following Piece, as well as the *DUNCIAD*, was wrote in the late Reign.



(1)

THE
PROGRESS
OF
DULNESS.

To *Duncan Campbell.*



S Denham Sings, Mysterious 'twas, the same,
Should be the Propher's and the Poet's Name;
But while the Sons of *Genius* join to Praise,
What Thine presaging dictates to their Lays.

The things, they sweetly sing, and You foreshew,
Open the *Sampson*-Riddle to our View;
Strong are thy Prophecies, their Numbers sweet,
And with the Lion, Combs of Honey meet.

Late on Fantastic Cabalistic Schemes,
Of waking Whimsies, or of Fec'rish Dreams,
New Cobweb Threads of *Poetry* were spun,
In gaudy Snares, like Flies, were Witlings won,
Their Brains entangled, and our *Art* undone.

* (*Vates*) See, *The Progress of Learning*, by Lord Lansdowne.

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Pope first descended from a *Monkish Race*,
 Cheapens the Charms of Art, and daubs her Face;
 From *Gabalus*,* his Mushroom Fictions rise,
 Lop off his *Sylphs* — and his *Belinda* † dies;
 Th' attending Insects hover in the Air,
 No longer, than they're present, is She Fair;
 Some dart those Eye-beams, which the Youths beguile,
 And some sit Conquering in a dimpling Smile.
 Some pinch the Tucker, and some smoothe the Smock,
 Some guard an Upper, some a *Lower Lock*;
 But if these truant Body-Guards escape,
 In whip the *Gnomes* and strait commit a Rape;
 The curling Honours of her Head they seize,
Hairs less in Sight, or any Hairs they please;
 But if to angry Frowns, her Brow She bends,
 Upon her Front some sullen *Gnome* descends;
 Whisks thro' the Furrows, with its Airy Form,
 Bristles her Eye-brows, and directs the Storm.

As wide from these, are *Addisonian* Themes,
 As Angels Thoughts are from distemper'd Dreams;
Spenser and *He*, to Image Nature, knew,
 Like living Persons, Vice and Virtue drew:
 At once instructed and well-pleas'd we read,
 While in sweet Morals these two Poets laid,
 No less to Wisdom, than to Wit, pretence,
 They led by *Musie*; but they led to *Sense*.

* See, The History of the Count *de Gabalis*, from whence
 He has taken the Machinery of his *Rape of the Lock*.

† Mrs *Arabella Fermor*.

But

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But *Pope* scarce ever *Force* to *Fancy* joins,
With *Dancing-Master's* Feet equips his Lines,
Plumes empty *Fancy*, and in *Tinsel* shines.
Or, if by chance his Judgment seems to lead,
Where one poor *Moral* faintly shews its Head;
'Tis like a Judge, that reverently drest,
Peeps thro' the Pageants, at a Lord May'r's Feast;
By Starts he reasons, and seems Wise by Fits,
Such Wit's call'd *Wisdom*, that has lost its *Wits*.

Un-nam'd by me this witling Bard had been,
Had not the Writer's caus'd the Reader's Sin;
But less by *Comedies* and lewd *Romances*,
Are ruin'd, less by *French* lascivious Dances,
Than by such *Rhimer's* Masqueraded Fancies.

From *such*, the Root of Superstition grew,
Whose Old Charms fertile, daily branch'd in New;
From *such* *Chimeras* first inspir'd, the Fair,
The *Conjurers* Ring Approach'd and *Jesuits* Chair;
Throng'd to the Doors, where *Magic Rogues* Divin'd,
And sold out *Ignis-fatui* to the Mind.

Wizards and *Jesuits* differ but in Name,
Both *Damon's* Envoys, and their Trade the same;
Weak Wills they lead, and vapour'd Minds command,
And play the Game into each others Hand;
Like Spiritual *Juglers* at the *Cup* and *Ball*,
Rising by foolish Maids, that long to Fa'l.
Some into Love they *Damn*, and some they *Pray*,
For Green-sick Minds are caught a different way;
To the same End, tho' several Paths, they run,
Priests to Updo, and Maids to be Undone;

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Some *blackier* Charms, some *whiter* Spells cajole,
 As some *lick* Wall, and some *devour* a Coal.
 Here Ladies, strong in Vapours, see Men's Faces
 Imprinted in the Conjurers dazling Glasses,
 There, when, in Spring Time, the too praying Priest,
 Toasts, and does something *better*, — *to the Best*
 A Spouse is promis'd on next *Baptist's* * Feast.
 First some young *Contrite* Rake's enjoin'd to Marry
 Left Madam's forc'd to squeak for't—or—Miscarry:
 In *June*, the Lads does to the Fields repair,
 Where good Sir *Domine* just took the Air.
 When, O strange Wonder! —near a *Plantane-Root*,
 She finds a *Coal*——and so a *Spouse* to boot,
 She longs to Dream—and to secure the Sport
 That very Day the Youth design'd——must Court,
 He does—She struck with rapture and delight,
 Bespeaks her Fancy——strongly——Dreams at Night.
 The yielding Fair, the ravish'd Youth obtains,
 A Maid she passes——so his Child's free gains,
 He has the Pleasure, yet is sav'd the Pains.
 Thus when Priest's *Wench*——to cure the growing Evil
 Poor St. *John Baptist* must forerun the Devil.

But if the Ladies fall, at fall of Leaf,
 Or in the Winter——still there's fresh relief;
 Let her Lace *close* four Months, and if she *can*
 St. *Agnes* † heals the Breach, and brings the *Man*.
 Thus a *lewd* Priest to *Vapour'd* Virgins cants
 And into *Pimps* reverts his *Vestal-Saints*.

* See, the Dedication of Mr. Campbell's Life.

† See, *Ibid*.

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O! dire Effects of Masqu'd Impiety!
And shall they (Christian Muse!) have Aids from Thee;
Wilt Thou, like witty Heathens, lewdly given,
To a *Gehenna* Metamorphose *Heaven*?
Wilt Thou,——O no——forbid th' unhallow'd Song?
Such Prophanations to *Rome's* Bard belong.
Let ONE, who *Gods* and *Goddesses* adores
Paint them like *Rakes* and *Bullies*, *Bawds*, and *Whores*,

Our *Genij*, CAMPBELL, shall be all Divine,
Shall high o'er *Theirs* as much distinguish'd shine,
As o'er such *Priests* or *Chiromancers*, *Thine*.
Thine, which does future *Time's* events Command
To leap to Sight, and in thy Presence stand,
Thine, whose Eyes glowing with a *gifted* Ray,
New Roads of Life o'er *Wisdom's Alps* survey,
And guide benighted Travellers to Day.
Let Me, for once, a daring Prophet be
Mark from this Hour——and Poetry thou'lt see
Date a new *Æra* from thy Book and Thee;
Thy Book, where, thro' the Stories, thou hast laid,
All Moral *Wisdom's* to the Mind convey'd;
And thus far Prophecy's each Page, that all
Must rise by *Virtues*, or by *Vices* fall.

Poets shall blush to see their Wit outdone,
Resume their Reason, and assert it's Throne,
Shall *Fables* still for *Virtues-sake* Commend
And *Wit* the means, shall *Wisdom* make its End.

Who hopes to Please, shall strive to Please by Pains,
Shall gaining Fame, earn hard whate'er he gains,
And DENHAM's *Morals* join, to DENHAM's Strains,

Here

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Here Paint the *Thames* * " When running to the Sea
 " Like Mortal Life to meet Eternity.
 There show both Kings and Subjects " one excess,
 " Makes both, by striving to be Greater, Less.
 Shall climb, and swear, and falling, climb up still,
 Before he gains the height of *Cooper's Hill*.

In *Windsor-Forest*, † if some trifling Grace,
 Gives, at first Blush, the whole a pleasing Face,
 'Tis Wit, 'tis true; but then 'tis *Common Place*,
 The *Landscape-Writer*, branches out a *Wood*,
 Then digging hard for't, finds a *Silver Flood*.
 Here paints the *Woodcock* quiv'ring in the Air,
 And there, the bounding *Stag* and quaking *Hare*.
 Describes the *Pheasant's* Scarlet-circled Eye,
 And next the *slaught'ring-Gun*, that makes him Die.
 From *common* Epithets that Fame derives,
 By which his most *uncommon* Merit lives.
 'Tis true! if finest Notes alone could show,
 (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low,)—
 That we should Fame to these mere *Vocals* give,
 POPE more, than we can offer, should receive.
 For, when some gliding River is his Theme,
 His Lines run smoother, than the smoothest Stream;
 Not so, when thro' the Trees fierce *Boreas* blows,
 The Period blustering with the Tempest grows.
 But what Fools Periods read, for Periods sake?
 Such Chimes improve not Heads, but make 'em Ach;
 Tho' strict in Cadence on the Numbers rub,
 Their frothy Substance is Whip-Syllabub;

* See *Cooper's-Hill*.

† See, *Pope's String of Verses*,
 upon this Subject, without any Connection.

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With most *Seraphic Emptiness* they roll,
Sound without Sense, and Body without Soul.

Not such the Bards, that give you just Applause,
Each, from intrinsic Worth, Thy Praises draws,
Morals, in ev'ry Page, where-e'er they look,
They find divinely scatter'd thro' thy Book:
They find Thee studious, with Praise-worthy strife,
To smoothe the future Roads of Human Life,
To help the Weak, and to confirm the Strong,
Make our Grievs vanish, and our Bliss prolong,
With *Phineus*' equal find thy large Desert
And in Thy Praise would equal *Milton's* Art.

Some Fools, we know, in spite of Nature born,
Would make thee *Theirs*, as they are Mankind's Scorn,
For still 'tis one of Truth's unerring Rules
No Sage can rise without a Host of Fools.
Coxcombs, (by whose Eternal Din o'ercome,
The Wise, in just revenge, might with them *Dumb*.)
Say, on the World Your Dumbness you impose,
And give You Organs they deserve to lose.
Impose, indeed, on all the World you would,
If You but held your Tongue, because you could;
'Tis hard to say, if keeping Silence still,
In one, who, could he speak, would speak with Skill,
Is worse, or Talk in These, who Talk so ill.
Why on that Tongue, should purposed Silence dwell
Whence every Word would drop an Oracle?
More Fools of thy known Foresight make a Jest,
For all hate greatest Gifts, who share the least
(As *Pope* calls *Dryden* often to the Test. *)

* See, many Places of his Notes on *Homer*.

Such

Such from thy Pen, should *Irwin's* Sentence * wait
 And at the Gallows, own the *Judge of Fate*,
 Or, while with feeble Impotence they rail
 Write Wonders on, and with the *Wife* prevail.

Sooner shall *Denham* cease to be renown'd,
 Or *Pope* for *Denham's* Sense quit empty Sound,
 To *Addison's* Immortal heights shall rise,
 Or the Dwarf reach him in his native Skies.
 Sooner shall real Gypsies grow most fair,
 Or false ones, mighty Truths, like thine, declare,
 Than these poor Scandal-Mongers hit their Aim,
 And blemish *Thine*, or *CURLL's* acknowledg'd Fame.

Great *Nostradamus* thus, his Age advis'd,
 The Mob his Counsels jeer'd, some *Bards*, † despis'd
 Him still, neglecting these, his *Genius* fir'd,
 A King encourag'd, and the World admir'd;
 Greater (as Times great Tide increas'd) He grew,
 When distant Ages prov'd what Truths he knew;
 Thy nobler Book, a greater KING ‡ receiv'd,
 Whence I predict, and Claim to be believ'd,
 That by Posterity, less Fame shall be,
 To *Nostradamus* granted, than to *Thee*;
 Thee! whom the best of KINGS does so defend
 And (My self Barring) the best *Bards* commend.

White-Hall

June 6. 1720,

H. Stanhope.

* See Mr. Campbell's Life. pag. 140.

† Alluding to this Verse, *sed cum falsa Damus, nil nisi Nostra Damus.* ‡ King George the 1st.



OBSERVATIONS

ON

Windsor Forest,

THE

Temple of Fame,

AND THE

Rape of the Lock, &c.

MR. DENNIS, in a Letter to Mr. BOOTH, thus delivers himself, viz. Sir, The Conduct of Sir JOHN DENHAM in his *Cooper's-Hill*, * is as admirable, as that of Mr. Pope, is despicable. Sir JOHN DENHAM presents no Object, but what is truly in the Compass of his Subject. Whereas Half the Poem of *Windsor-Forest* has nothing in it, that is peculiar to the Place. The Objects that are represented by Mr. Pope

* This HILL is in *Windsor-Forest*, about a Mile from *Egham* in *Surrey*, about half a Mile from the *Thames*, and three Miles from *Windsor*.

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are for the most part *trivial* and *trifling*, as Hunting, Fishing, Setting, Shooting, and a thousand common Landskips. Whereas of a thousand Objects that *Cooper's-Hill* presents to the View, Sir JOHN DENHAM chuses only the most *instructive*, the most *Noble* and the most *Magnificent*; and which, at the same time, are the most Noble, and most Magnificent, which *Great Britain* can show: As *St. Paul's*, *London*, *Windsor*, *Thames*, the Side of *Cooper's-Hill* that is next to the River, and *Runnymede* between them, ennobled by the Grant of the Great Charter *there* to the People of *England*.

In *Windsor Forest*, though a Poem of above 400 Lines, there is no manner of Design, nor any Artful and Beautiful Disposition of Parts. Whereas Sir JOHN has both an Admirable Design, and a Beautiful Disposition of Parts.

The first Object that He presents to our View, is *St. Paul's Cathedral*, at 17 Miles Distance from the Place where he is, and *London* beneath it; and having laid before us, in that most pompous of all our Cathedrals, and in that vast and populous City, the Splendour and Prosperity of the Church, and the Riches, Numbers and Strength of the People, He turns to the Left, and in the magnificent Palace of *Windsor*, sets before us the Greatness, and the Power of our Monarchs; and from the Kings that are there interred, chusing judiciously our Third EDWARD, one of the Greatest and the most Heroick of them, with his Queen PHILIPPA, and the BLACK PRINCE, his Son, all Three Victorious, all Three the Advancers of *England's* Glory, entertains us agreeably with the Remembrance of our past Triumphs, and the Institution of the Noblest Order in the World *. Then viewing the Abbey of *St. Anne's* Hill near *Chertsea*, he not only recalls to mind very naturally on that Occasion, the most memorable Event of the Destruction of Abbeys; but presents us with a general and most useful Instruction, viz. that we should beware of a furious, ill-grounded Zeal, or of a dangerous Hypocrisy, that Apes it. Then returning to the *Thames*, which runs winding through the Valleys beneath him, the *Thames*, the undoubted Source, both of the Prince's Power, and the People's Wealth, he describes it in 30 Lines, that are Incomparable and Inimitable,

* The Order of the Garter.

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and which exhaust even that exuberant Subject. Next He describes a Royal Hunting; which Description may be said to be accomplished in all its Parts; and from that, by an easy and a beautiful Transition, he presents both *Prince* and *People* to our Eyes, even just at the Bottom of his *Hill*, by the Commemoration of that famed Event, *viz.* the Grant of *Magna Charta* by King *JOHN* to the People of *England* assembled there. And as the Admirable Poet took Occasion before, from the View of *St. Anne's Hill*, to give the most important Instruction that can be given to this Island, upon a Religious Account; *viz.* That we should banish Persecution, and an ill-grounded Zeal, from among us; he takes an Opportunity now, from showing the Prince and the People assembled upon that memorable Occasion, to conclude this Poem, with the most important Instruction, that, upon a Civil Account, can be given, either to Prince or People, *viz.* That the Prince should avoid intrenching upon Liberty, and the People upon Prerogative; and thus he has in this short, but admirable Poem, given those Instructions, both to the Prince, the Church, and the People, which, being observed, must make the Prince Powerful and Glorious, the Church Great and Venerable, and the People a Flourishing and a Happy People; and which, being neglected, must bring universal Misery upon the Nation.

Thus have I endeavoured to set before you, in a full Light, the admirable Art and Contrivance that are to be found in the *Cooper's-Hill*, in order to make the Rhapsody called *Windsor Forest*, appear the more contemptible. I could set several of the Parts of these Two Poems in Parallel against one another; by which it would appear, that the *Knight* has more the Advantage of this little *Squire of Parnassus*, in the Beauty of the Parts, than he has in the Admirable Contrivance of the Whole. I could say something likewise of the Expression and the Harmony, and could show, that as Sir *JOHN DENHAM* perpetually thinks clearly, he always expresses himself perspicuously; that the Language in his boldest Flights, is almost always sacred to him; that he is Bold, without Rashness; Plain, without Meanness; High, without Pride; and Charming, without Meretricious Arts: But that the Author of *Windsor Forest* has almost every where,

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Absurd Expressions, crude, abortive Thoughts,

*All the lowd Legion of exploded Faules. **

That he is Obscure, Ambiguous, Affected, Temerarious, Barbarous : And, lastly, That there is as much Difference between the Harmony of *one* Poem, and that of the *other* Piece, as there is between a Piece of Musick, which is Dead and Flat, and barely Mathematical ; and one in which to the Truth of Composition, is added a Fine and a Charmin^g Air, &c.

And, in a Second Letter to Mr. BOOTH, Mr. DENNIS thus proceeds : I come now, Sir, to Mr. Pope's next Production, which he calls, *The Temple of Fame*, a Vision, pretending at the same time, that the calling it a VISION, will apologize for every Extravagance with which he is pleased to blot his Paper. For *Verisimilitude*, says he, *is not required in the Descriptions of this Visionary and Allegorical kind of Poetry, which admits of every wild Object that Fancy may present in a Dream* ; where he appears to be so far from knowing the Distinction between a *Dream* and a *Vision*, that he knows not the Difference between one Dream and another. For as there are reasonable and consistent Dreams, there are extravagant and incoherent ones. The first of these were thought by the Antient Poets sometimes to be inspired by God. And HOMER calls even that Delusive one which JUPITER sent to AGAMEMNON, *the Divine Dream* ; and accordingly he makes it sensible and coherent. But a true Vision is acknowledged by all to be a Divine Inspiration, and therefore can have nothing in it inconsistent and incongruous. For God can no more be the Author of Absurdity, than he can be of Evil. And as a true Vision can have nothing possible in it, that is wild and incoherent, so the fictitious ones which are invented in Imitation of them, must resemble them in their Reasonableness, and their Consistency. Such is the celebrated Vision of SCIPIO, as it is related by CICERO ; and such that of GODFREY, in the fourteenth Canto of the *Gierusalemme*, the most beautiful Parts of which are copied from the other. In both which, though the Manner of Seeing is super-natural and miraculous, yet every

* ROSCOMMON on Translated Verse.

Thing that is seen there is probable at the same time that it is admirable; every thing that is said there is reasonable, at the same time that it is exalted; and here is in both as it were a Conjunction of Reason and Divinity. But I make no doubt but I shall make it appear, that the pretended Vision of *The Temple of Fame*, is what the French call *Vision Crense*; and that the Author, instead of a Seer of Visions, is a Dreamer of Dreams, and not of sober and consistent, but of feverish and delirious Dreams.

I know very well, Sir, that it would be ridiculous to look for a Fable in a Work of this nature, if the Author in the Beginning of his Notes had not pretended to it, by a very plain Implication. But at the same time, he furnishes us with an Argument, worth a thousand Arguments, to prove that there can be no such thing there; for the Author discovers in that very place, that he is entirely ignorant of what a Fable is, and consequently of the very first Rudiments of an Art, which he pretends to have studied all his Life-time. For, says he, it is hard to comprehend, how a Fable should be the less valuable for having a Moral. As if there could possibly be any Fable without a Moral. When the very first thing that he who makes a Fable does, is to fix upon his Moral. A Poetical Fable is composed of one Action and a Moral. The Action the Body of it, and the Moral the Soul. Now where is the one Action in this Poem, which is composed of a Number of Phantoms incongruous and incoherent? And where is the Moral? In the 34th Page, *The Temple of Fame* changes to the Temple of Rumour, and there the Author modestly introduces himself as an Actor, who in *The Temple of Fame* had been but a bare Spectator. So that if there is any Moral, it can be only this; That when any one has not Merit enough to attain to a true, a solid, and a lasting Fame, he should content himself with a foolish, a false, and a transitory Rumour, and such, with Submission to his Honourable Patrons, is Mr. POPE's Poetical Reputation.

I am willing to own, very frankly, that a Work of this Nature is not capable of a Fable, but then it is very capable of an Unity of Design; but this Author has corrupted the Unity of his Design, by unexpectedly shifting his Scene, and deserting *The Temple of Fame* for the Temple of Rumour.

I shall now give you the Author's View both of the one and the other Temple. I shall begin with *The Temple of Fame*.

And

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And *First*, I shall shew you the Absurdities and the Inconsistencies which are apparent on the Outside of the Temple. And, *Secondly*, Those which are to be found in the Description of the Inside. But first give me leave to take a short View of the Place, where this Author is posted to survey *The Temple of Fame*. Pag. 6.

*I stood, methought, betwixt Earth, Seas, and Skies,
The whole Creation open to my Eyes.*

If the whole Creation was open to his Eyes, he must be vastly high. Let it appear then by what follows, what a Master he is of Perspective.

*In Air self-balan'd hung the Globe below,
Where Mountains rise, and circling Oceans flow.
Here naked Rocks, and empty Wastes were seen,
There Towing Cities, and the Forests green.
Here sailing Ships delight the wandering Eyes,
There Trees, and intermingled Temples rise.*

Well! we will allow that from the prodigious Height where he stands, he might behold the Ocean. But could he possibly from that Height discern the Mountains, the Rocks, the Wastes, the Forests, nay, such minute Objects, as the very Ships, and single Trees? But this is a Poetical Vision, perhaps his Favourers will say. But a Poetical Vision, as has been shewn above, is to have nothing incongruous or absurd in it. The above-mentioned Vision of GODFREY in the beginning of the 14th Canto of the *Jerusalemme* is a Poetical Vision. And yet how much juster and nobler are the Sentiments of TASSO, than are those of this Author? There is nothing in them contrary to the Laws of Nature, or to the *Ptolemaick* System, which was then universally received. GODFREY is rapt up to Heaven in a Vision, from whence UGO shews him the World below, as may be seen in the 1Xth, Xth and XIth Stanza's of his Poem.

Let us now, Sir, contemplate this little Author, in that vast Exaltation to which he has raised his Carcase instead of his Verse; an Exaltation from which the whole Creation lies open

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open to his View: Let us behold him still looking up from thence, and viewing *The Temple of Fame*. P. 9.

O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous Sound,
Like broken Thunders that at distance roar,
Or Billows murmur'ing on the hollow Shore;
Then gazing up, a glorious Pile beheld,
Whose Towing Summit ambient Clouds conceal'd;
High on a Rock of Ice the Structure lay,
Steep its Ascent, and slipp'ry was the Way.

Now, Sir, I would fain know from you, if this Image of a Temple built on a Rock of Ice, self-suspended in the Air, be not so wild, and so extravagant, that 'tis not only unworthy of a Vision, but even of the Dream of a Man in Health. It must be confess'd, that the Image of *Fame* in *VIRGIL*, and that of *Discord* in *HOMER*, are above Nature; as all the Machines of those great Poets are: But this Image of the *Temple of Fame*, is contrary to Nature, and to the Eternal Laws of Gravitation; and is one of those Faults which *HORACE* so justly ridicules, in the beginning of his *Art of Poetry*, viz.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Fungere si velit, &c.*

But Mr. POPE will make the same Objection here; which other Poetasters have done before him:

————— *Pictoribus atque Poetis;
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potens.*

Well, we are ready to grant this; but then we reply with *HORACE*:

Sed non ut placeatis coeant immitia, &c.

Now, if to show a Temple founded upon a Rock of Ice, self-suspended in the Air, is not to attempt contrary and inconsistent

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consistent Subjects, and to offend against both Truth, and Nature, and Probability; why then I leave it to be determined by you, whether the most extravagant of all Writers can ever offend against them?

But I would fain know, Sir, why this wonderful Difficulty of Access to this *Temple of Fame*?

*High on a Rock of Ice the Structure lay,
Steep its Ascent, and slipp'ry was the Way:*

When not only such vast Multitudes are afterwards admitted into it, but among them, great Numbers of the most Idle, the most Wretched, the most Lazy, the most Abject of Mortals. Witness what he says, p 34, and 35.

*Pleas'd with the strange Success, vast Numbers press,
Around the Shrine, and made the same Request.*

*What you, she cry'd, unlearn'd in Arts to please,
Slaves to your selves, and ev'n fatigu'd with Ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving Days;*

*Would you usurp the Lovers dear-bought Praise?
To just Contempt, ye vain Pretenders, fall,
The Peoples Fable, and the Scorn of all.*

Now what can signify, either the Height of the Situation, the Steepness of the Ascent, or the Slipperyness of the Way, when such as these are able to get up to the Temple?

There are two Lines at the Bottom of the tenth Page, relating to this Rock, which contain a double Blunder:

*Their Names inscrib'd unnumber'd Ages past,
From Time's first Birth, with Time it self shall last.*

Which notable Couplet not only makes this Rock and this Couplet coæval with the World, but supposes, that there was Fame before there were Men, and that the Names of Mortals had a Being before their Persons. The Simile in the 11th Page,

So Zembla's Rocks——

Is designed, it seems, as we are told in the Notes, to reconcile the

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the Description of the Temple to Probability and Nature; and to render it, says the Author, not wholly unlikely, that a Rock of Ice should remain for ever. But this is providing only for the least Part of the Absurdity; for the Duration of this Rock is only Absurd, but the Self-Suspension is monstrous.

You know, Sir, that this Author gives four Faces to his Temple, and that he first describes the Western one. But would not any one swear, Sir, by the Beginning of this Description, that he describes the Eastern one? Page 12.

Westward a sumptuous Frontispiece appear'd.

Here, 'tis plain, that by *Westward*, he means, upon the Western Front; for he describes the Eastern in the 14th Page: But if it appeared upon the Western Front, it appeared to the Spectator Eastward. For can any thing be more plain, than that nothing upon the Western Front of St. Paul's can appear to any one, who does not look Eastward? Now, Sir, I proceed to show, that upon this Western Front of the Temple, the Author pretends to show Things in Sculpture, which Sculpture cannot possibly show; as will appear by the following Lines:

Here ORPHEUS sings, Trees moving to the Sound,

Start from their Rods, and form a Shade around;

AMPHION there the loud creating Lyre

Strikes, and Behold, a sudden Thebes aspire;

CYTHÆRON's Ecchoes answer'd to his Call,

And half the Mountain roll'd into a Wall.

There you might see the length'ning Spires ascend,

The Domes swell up, the widening Arches bend,

The growing Tow'rs like Exhalations rise,

And the huge Columns heave into the Skies.

Now these are Ideas which instead of being judiciously bold, are foolishly rash and impudent. For *Trees starting from their Roots*, a *Mountain rolling into a Wall*, and a *Town rising like an Exhalation*, are Things that are not to be shown in Sculpture. Neither Painting, nor Sculpture, can show Local Motion. They can indeed show Posture and Position, and from Posture and

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Position, we may indeed conclude, that the Objects are in Local Motion; but then they must be such Objects as really are moved from one Place to another, either by Nature or Art. For Painting and Sculpture imitate, and the efore, as has been said above, they must imitate something, which either is, or may be. And nothing can be more absurd, than to pretend, that these Arts can imitate such Motions of inanimate Bodies, as are contrary to the Laws of Nature. But though the Things which I have already mentioned, are foolishly rash and presumptuous, yet what is said of CYTHÆRON'S Eccho, is beyond all Comparison foolish:

CYTHÆRON'S Ecchoes answer'd to his Call.

Methinks I could give a good deal, to see that Sculptor, who should pretend to carve an Eccho. The Subjects of Sculpture and Painting, are the Objects of Sight. And if any Sculptor or Painter, should pretend to carve or to paint Sound, that Sculptor or Painter, would be universally hooted at. But that Author or Painter may well make Sound the Object of Sight in this 13th Page, who in Page 33, makes Musick the Object of Smell.

————— *In Air the trembling Musick floats,
And up the Wind triumphant swell the Notes,
So soft, so high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from Heav'n to hear;
To farthest Shores th' Ambrosial Spirit flies,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies.*

I come now to take a View of the Absurdities and Inconsistencies, which are to be found in the Description of the Inside of the Temple. I mean, to take a View of the grossest and most obvious of them: For if we should mention all, we should never have done. We will begin with the Goddess herself, and afterwards descend to the Objects about her. And here certainly we may justly say, That never any Thing was so confused and so inconsistent, as this Author's Notion of Fame. We can at the best, but guess at his Meaning. That VIRGIL and OVID by *Fame*, meant nothing but *Rumour*, is plain from the Description on which the one gives of her Person, and the other of her Palace.

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lace. VIRGIL describes her as an Evil Being, *Fama malis*: 2. As an Odious One; *Hæc passim Dea fœda virum diffundit in ora*. 3. As a Frightful One; *Magnas territat urbes*. 4. As a Mischievous One; *Tam ficti praviq̃ue tenax quam conscia veri*. For our Author, as far as we are able to guess at his Meaning, he seems to intend her, in the main, for what we call Renown, or a fair and a great Reputation; as appears by the 28th and 29th Pages: But having a very treacherous Memory, to which all great Wits are subject, in the very next Page, which is the 30th, he confounds her with Slander and with Rumour.

*This Band dismiss'd, behold another Crowd
 Preferr'd the same Request, and lowly bow'd,
 The constant Tenour of whose well-spent Days,
 No less deserv'd a just Return of Praise.
 But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds,
 Thro' the big Dome the doubling Thunder bounds,
 Loud as the burst of Cannon, rends the Skies;
 The dire Report thro' ev'ry Region flies,
 In ev'ry Ear incessant Rumours rung,
 And gath'ring Scandals grew on ev'ry Tongue.
 From the black Trumpet's rusty Concave broke
 Sulphureous Flames, and Clouds of rolling Smoke:
 The pois'nous Vapour blots the purple Skies,
 And withers all before it, as it flies.*

Now we had heard nothing of Slander before, nor so much as seen any Image of her, either on the Outside, or the Inside of her Temple. By Slander, here is meant Fame then, making use of another sort of Trumpet, and another sort of Wind to blow; which two Trumpets this errant Wag seems to me, to have borrow'd from the following facetious Lines of HUDIBRASS:

*Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary Tones;
 But whether both with the same Wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,*

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*We know not; only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar Authors name
The one Good, the other, Evil Fame.*

And these two Lines of our Author, favour strongly of HYDIBRASS's Trumpet behind:

*From the black Trumpet's rusty Concave broke
Sulphureous Flames, and Clouds of rolling Smoke.*

In the 34th and 35th Pages too, the Author seems to confound his Goddess with Slander and with Infamy.

In describing her Person, he tells you, that he follows the Ancient Poets:

*Such was her Form, as Ancient Bards have told,
Wings raise her Arms, and Wings her Feet infold;
A Thousand busy Tongues the Goddess bears,
And Thousand open Eyes, and Thousand list'ning Ears.*

But by his Leave though, VIRGIL has shown her a great deal better than he has done. VIRGIL indeed has given her Wings, because he makes her a great Traveller, and so has given her Occasion to use them. But OVID, who confines her to her House, has given her none. And pray, Sir, what Reason had our Author, who has confin'd her to her Temple, to give her Wings, only that he might coop her up like a cramm'd Fowl afterwards? VIRGIL has given her to a great many Ears, and a great many Tongues, because he makes her in her Travels, a great Babler and a great Hearer; so that in all Likelihood, one Tongue, and one pair of Ears, would have been often tired. But OVID, who makes all her News be brought home to her, thought, that like the rest of her Sex, she might be contented with one Tongue, and one pair of Ears, and might Listen and Babble enough with those, to set the World together by the Ears. And truly, one would think our Author might have been of the same Opinion; since all her News is brought home to her, and her Votaries come in Tribes; and seem to
me

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me to speak like a *Crecian Chorus*, or an *English Jury*, each of them by their Foreman.

VIRGIL makes Fame the Equivocal Daughter of the Earth, the youngest Sister of the Gyants, and a vast and horrible Monster.

*Illam Terra parens, irâ irritata Deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Gao Enceladaque sororem
Progeniit, pedibus celerem & pernicibus alis,
Monstrum horrendum, ingens.*

This Author having given no other Pedigree to *Fame*, seems to acquiesce in VIRGIL'S: And yet it seems, he has given for Handmaids to this Gyantess. this horrible Monster, that sprung at first from the Dunghill, the Nine Immortal Muses, the Divine Daughters of JUPITER and MENEMOSYNE; and has transported them from the Gentle and Poetick Climate of Greece, and placed them in Bondage upon this Rock of Ice; The Reason, I suppose, why they have lately produced such vile, servile Imitations, and such freezing Poetry.

Page 26.

*Beneath, in Order rang'd, the Tuneful Nine,
(Her Virgin Handmaids) still attend the Shrine:
With Eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing,
For Fame they raise the Voice, and tune the String.*

One would have thought that the Character that he himself gives of his Goddess, had been sufficient to instruct him to avoid this Absurdity. For at the bottom of the 27th Page he represents her without Justice, and without Discernment.

*Some she disgrac'd, and some with Honours crown'd,
Unlike Successes equal Merits found.
Thus her blind Sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters Crowns and Chains.*

And is this Monster, without Justice, and without Discernment, made the absolute Mistress of the Muses; who have been hitherto

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therto always esteem'd the righteous and discerning Dispensers of Fame, and Bestowers of Immortality? Must they be preposterously made the Handmaids of a false and a foolish Fame, and the Tools of her whimsical and inconsistent Censures? And what then, in the Name of Absurdity, must their Poets be? A Parcel of Fools and Knaves, endeavouring to give Reputation to some who are like themselves, and have neither the Will, nor the Discernment, to reward and to distinguish Virtue and true Merit! As for this Author, his Muse, if he pleases, shall be the Chamber-maid, or the Kitchen-wench of this false and foolish Fame. But as for the true Muses, they are the Divine Mistresses of true, solid, and lasting Fame; Mistresses in whom she lives, and moves, and has her very Being.

But let us see by the Conduct of this whimsical Goddess, what fine Work this Author has cut out for the Muses.

First then, After he has taken Care to place her Temple in the most difficult Situation imaginable, all manner of People, even the most lazy and most abject of Men, are admitted to it. Page 27.

Millions of suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,

And all Degrees before the Goddess bend;

The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,

And boasting Youth, and narrative Old Age.

Secondly, She takes Care to have the Images of Warriours carved on the outward Walls of her Temple. Pag. 12.

Here fabled Chiefs in darker Ages born,

Or Worthies old, whom Arms or Arts adorn;

Who Cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous Race,

The four-fold Walls in breathing Statues grace.

She takes Care to have the Statues of Warriours within her Temple. Page 17.

Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud Alarms,

In Bloody Fields, persu'd Renown in Arms:

High on a Throne, with Trophies charg'd, I view'd

The Youth that all things but Himself subdu'd.

By

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By which Youth, he means ALEXANDER the Great ; and JULIUS CÆSAR follows him. But now, after taking all this Care to have their Statues without and within her Temple ; in the 31st Page, she very whimsically turns all their Persons out of it :

*A Troop came next, who Crowns and Armour wore,
And proud Defiance in their Looks they bore :*

For Thee, they cry'd, amidst Alarms and Strife,

We sail'd in Tempests down the Stream of Life :

For Thee whole Nations fill'd with Flames and Blood,

And swam to Empire thro' the purple Flood :

These Ills we dar'd, thy Inspiration own,

And all that Virtue seem'd, was done for Thee alone.

Ambitious Fools ! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)

Be all your Acts in dark Oblivion drown'd ;

There Sleep forgot, with mighty Tyrants gone,

Your Statues moulder'd, and your Names unknown.

For God's Sake, Sir, tell me, if you are able, why this mighty Respect for the Statues, and this strange Disdain for the Persons ? And why that very Reason given for rejecting the Persons, for which before she so highly esteemed the Statues ? For were not ALEXANDER and JULIUS, the two most ambitious of all Mortals ? Oh ! but ALEXANDER and CÆSAR were ancient Captains, and the Goddess rejects the Moderns. So that Ambition, it seems, was a Virtue in ancient Captains, but is an unpardonable Crime in the Modern.

What makes this more whimsical and more ridiculous, is, that in the 35th and 36th Pages, Persons ten times worse than these, are not only taken into the Temple, for the very same Reason, for which these in the 31st were turned out of it ; but, after they are admitted, have their Request granted them.

Last, those who boast of mighty Mischiefs done,

Enslave their Country, or usurp a Throne ;

Or who their Glory's dire Foundation laid,

On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on Friends betray'd ;

Calm

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*Calm thinking Villains, whom no Faith can fix,
Of crooked Counsels, and dark Politicks:
Of these a gloomy Tribe surround the Throne,
And beg to make th' immortal Treasons known.
The Trumpet roars, long flaky Flames expire,
With Sparks that seem'd to set the World on fire,
At the dread Sound pale Mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the Blast.*

Do me the Favour, Sir, to tell me, if you know, who it is that blows this Trumpet? And whether the Muses who blew it for the Learned, and the Virtuous, are employed to blow it for these two? And whether the Author pretends that these, by the Trumpet; are made famous or infamous.

In the 33d and 34th Pages, a Parcel of Fops are admitted into the Temple, who are ten times more contemptible, than the fore-mentioned Persons are odious. Nay, they are not only admitted, but are praised and applauded for their Vanity and their Lying.

*Next these, a youthful Train their Vows express,
With Feathers crown'd, with gay Embroidery dress:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your Eyes, and see
The Men of Pleasure, Dress, and Gallantry.
Ours is the Place at Banquets, Balls, and Plays;
Sprightly our Nights, polite are all our Days:
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing Care
To pay due Visits, and address the Fair.
In fact 'tis true, no Nymph we could persuade;
But still in Fancy vanquish'd ev'ry Maid.
Of unknown Dutchessees, lewd Tales we tell,
Yet, would the World believe us, all were well.
The Joy let others have, and we the Name,
And what we want in Pleasure, grant in Fame.*

A pretty Fame, truly! when the very smartest of these Cox-combs,

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combs, is sure to have his Name rotten before his Carcass. When the Author introduced these Fellows into the Temple of Fame, he ought to have made the Chocolate-House, and the Side-Box, part of it. But what says Fame to this Petition?

*The Queen asserts, the Trumpet rends the Skies,
And at each Blast a Lady's Honour dies.*

Thus these Coxcombs are not only praised and applauded for their Vanity and Lying, but the Muses are made the Instruments of that Praise, and that Applause.

In the 35th Page, another Parcel of the same Fops, are made Infamous and Contemptible, for the very same Reasons for which the others became, forsooth, Renowned:

*Pleas'd with the strange Success, vast Numbers press,
Around the Shrine, and made the same Request.
What you, she cry'd, unlearn'd in Arts to please,
Slaves to your selves, and ev'n fatigu'd with Ease*

*.
To just Contempt, ye vain Pretenders fall,
The Peoples fable, and the Scorn of all.*

And yet her Favourites, in the foregoing Page, had owned the same Defect to her:

*In fact 'tis true, no Nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry Maid.*

But now, Sir, if the Author answers, that he prepared us for this, in the Character that he gave us of Fame. Page 27.

*Some she disgrac'd, and some with Honours crown'd,
Unlike Successes equal Merits found.*

And that this is the Way of the World, which blames some, and applauds others, for the very same Qualities: To this I reply, that this is absolutely false; that Persons indeed with the same Qualities, are some applauded, and others blamed by the World; but then they appear in very different Lights;

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and the World is far from taking them to have the same Qualities. But for this impertinent Goddess, like the Satyr's Guest, in the Fable, to blow Hot and Cold with the same Breath, is ridiculously provoking.

I could take Notice here of an Inconsistency of an inferiour Nature :

In fact, 'tis true, no Nymph we could persuade,

But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry Maid;

Of unknown Duchesses lowd Tales we tell;

Yet, would the World believe us, all were well.

Now, how could these Coxcombs, all Coxcombs though they are, fancy themselves so successful, when they own with the very same Breath, that they are a Parcel of lying Rascals?

But these, Sir, are Peccadilloes in this Author, and are so very numerous, that if we should take Notice of all of them, we should never have done.

In the 32d Page, 'tis hard to decide, whether the Author shows his Goddess, or her Votaries, more whimsical:

Then came the smallest Tribe I yet had seen,

Plain was their Dress, and modest was their Mein.

Great Idol of Mankind! we neither claim

The Praise of Merit, nor aspire to fame;

But safe in Desarts from th' Applause of Men,

Would dye unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from Sights

Those Acts of Goodness which themselves require.

These worthy Persons had better have kept out of the Temple of Fame, than to have come upon so impertinent an Errand. For what is the plain English of their Address to the Goddess? Why, they tell her, that they hate her, and despise her, and therefore beg of her, that she would grant their Request, which is to keep them in Obscurity;

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from Sight

Those Acts of Goodness which themselves require.

Which

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Which is just as pertinent a Petition, as it would be for them to pray to Oblivion, to render their Names Illustrious? What follows is full as reasonable:

*O let us still this secret Joy partake,
To follow Virtue, ev'n for Virtue's sake!*

Why, and so they might, in spite of her Divinity; that was absolutely in their own Power, whether she made mention of them, or not.

To this sottish Request, the Goddess returns as senseless an Answer; which is in Effect, That since they slight her, and condemn her, and give a pernicious Example to others to do the same; that therefore she will more ardently resound their Praise, than that of her most ardent Votaries:

*And live there Men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with Incense shall adore our Name?
But, Mortals, know, 'tis still our greatest Pride,
To blaze those Virtues which the Good would hide.*

Which two last Lines contain an Assertion, that is utterly false. For, generally speaking, the Darlings of Fame, are the Ambitious and the Aspiring. And 'tis with me an unquestioned Truth, that a great deal of Wisdom, and Virtue, and extraordinary Merit, that would have been admired by all the World, if they had been known, have gone silent and obscure to the Grave, only because they were not attended with Ambition.

But now, Sir, the Author is about to leave the Temple of Fame, for the Temple of Rumour. But before he does that, I shall make bold to ask him one Question; and that is, Why no Women have appeared in the Temple of Fame? How will he answer this to his Mistress? He who begins this Poem so like a termagant Lover? Page 8.

*As balmy Sleep had charm'd my Cares to Rest,
And Love it self was banish'd from my Breast.*

Or, How will he answer this, as a Gallant Person to the rest of the Sex? Are there really no Women who are worthy to appear in the Temple of Fame? Oh, yes, *divers*, he says, *but*

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he thought he should affront the Modesty of the Sex in showing them there. But, methinks, he might have had the Address to make Fame or the Muses applaud them, for being worthy, and not appearing, and so they had doubly applauded them. For modest Merit, which is so engaging in our own Sex, is enchanting in the other. Well! but let us admit of this Excuse, as a just One, for his not introducing Persons of the Female Sex into his Temple. But why were there none of their Statues there? Why none of their Images on the outward Walls? Why should Fame and the Muses show so little Regard to the Merit of their own Sex? Have there been no Women whom History has recorded worthy of that Honour? To go no farther than our own Country, What does he think of the Ancient BOADICEA, or the Modern Glorious ELIZABETH? Or, if none but Foreign, as well as Ancient Heroins, can be esteemed by him, What does he think of the Bravery of CLÆLIA, the Chastity of LUCRETIA, the Constancy of PORCIA, and the Resolution and extreme Tenderneſs of ARRIA? Heroick Virtue is certainly more admirable in Women, than it is in Men, on Account of the Defects in their Educations, the Tenderneſs of their Constitutions, and the extreme Violence of their Passions. And therefore both HOMER and VIRGIL introduced Female Warriors into their Poems, to render their Works the more admirable.

But now, Sir, as we hinted above, the Author is about to be snatched from the Temple of *Fame*, that is, turned out of it, and thrust into the Temple of *Rumour*, by a Power, he says, unknown to him.

*This having heard and seen, some Pow'r unknown,
Strait chang'd the Scene, and snatch'd me from the Throne,*

Now, Sir, this *Power unknown* will I bring him acquainted with. For I will engage, that upon his asking, *Who art Thou?* it shall make the same Answer, that the Spirit at Philippi did to BRUTUS, upon his asking the same Question; *viz.* I am thy Evil Genius, who am ordered by JUPITER, to turn Thee out of the Temple of *Fame*, from the Company of Wits and Warriours, and to thrust thee into the Temple of *Rumour*, there to converse with Projectors, Pettifoggers, Quacks, and Almanack-Makers, and the other Fantoms of a Day: In the Temple of *Fame*, Thou wert, *will it say*, but a Mute
and

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and Impotent Spectator ; but in the Temple of Rumour, thou shalt be an Actor.

I am, Sir, Your, &c.

As to Mr. POPE's Rape of the Lock, he must certainly plead Guilty to this just Charge, That,

Want of Decency, is Want of Sense.

For not to mention the immodest Passages put into the Mouth of his fair *Belinda*, in some Places, as Mr. GILDON has observed *, the Verse and the Subject agree so well together, as to constitute it an Heroic-Dogrel-Poem, *ex.gr.*

——— *My Lord, why what the Devil ?
Zounds, damn the Lock, foregad you must be Civil ;
Plague on't, 'tis past a Jest, nay prishce, Pox
Give her the Hair* —————

Now for his new Manner of female Address, — The Ladies must talk Bawdy, no Matter whether they are Women of Honour or not, his Heroine must prefer the publick Locks of her Head, to the private Ones of her Tail, *ex.gr.*

*O ! had'st Thou cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in Sight — or any Hairs but these.*

But this Couplet, no doubt, Mr. Pope designed as a Compliment to the Lady, and to let the World know she set a much less Value upon the Hairs of her Head, than those of her Tail, as well as to insinuate that she was plentifully stored with them in the nether Parts.

*Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.*

Admirable good again, — Every Body knows what, *Dying upon a fair Lady*, means. But, I shall explain no farther, since Mr. Dennis in a short time intends to give the Publick an exact Dissection of this chaste Performance.

* See, The New REHEARSAL : Or, BAYS the Younger. p. 42, &c.



V E R S E S

Presented to the

Countess of *Warwick*.

Occasioned by Mr. POPE's impudent SATIRE
on Mr. ADDISON.



H E N soft Expressions Covert-Malice hide,
And pitying Satire cloaks o'er-weening Pride,
When Ironies revers'd right Virtue show,
And point which Way true Merit we may
know:

When Self-Conceit just hints indignant Rage,
Shewing its wary Caution to engage;
In mazy Wonder we astonish'd stand,
Perceive the Stroke, but miss th' emittent Hand.
Thus, if old HOMER's Credit may avail,
(And when was HOMER's Credit known to fail?)
When stipulative Terms were form'd for Peace,
And Foes agreed all Hostile Acts should cease,
Sly *Pandarus*, the Battle to renew,
Amongst the adverse Ranks a Javelin threw:

The

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The *Greeks* saw *Sparta's* injur'd MONARCH bleed,
But saw not who perform'd the perjur'd Deed.
So the skill'd *Snarler* pens his angry Lines,
Grins lowly fawning, biting as he whines;
Traducing with false Friendship's formal Face,
And Scandalizing with the Mouth of Praise:
Shews his Intention, but his Weakness too,
And what he would, yet what he dare not do;
While launching forth into a Depth of Praise,
Whose kind Attempts the Mind attentive raise,
When suddenly the *Pirate-Colours* show,
Beneath the Friend's Disguise, the lurking Foe.

O POPE! forbear, henceforth, to vex the Muse,
Whilst forc'd, a Task so hateful, she pursues;
No more let empty Words to Rhimes be brought,
And fluent Sounds atone for want of Thought:
Still ADDISON shall live, and pregnant Fame
Teem with eternal Triumphs of his Name;
Still shall his Country hold him more endear'd,
Lov'd by this Age, and by the next Rever'd.
Or, if from good Advice you turn your Ear,
Nor friendly Words, imparted timely, hear;
Exert your utmost Energy of Spite,
And as each envious Hint arises, write:
So shall his deathless Glory never cease,
And you, by less'ning, will his Fame increase.

J. MARKLAND.



DUNCIADIANA.

Verſes to be inſerted in the next Edition

OF THE

DUNCIAD.



HOMER deſcribing the divine Abodes,
Mingled a crippled *Vulcan* with his Gods.
And the ſame Bard, when he his Heroes ſings,
Crouds a *Therſites* in; among his Kings,
A crooked, petulant, malicious Wight,
Unfit for Converſe, Friendſhip, Love, or Fight;
The Scum and Shame of Greece, whoſe Mother Nature,
Impreſs'd the Scoundrel ſtrong on ev'ry Feature.

Should HOMER now revive, and ſing agen,
Of Gods immortal, and of God like Men,
As a ſtrong Foil, he'd make his Murd'rer POPE,
The *Vulcan* and *Therſites* of the Group.

The Evidence summ'd up.

NOR Rhimer is *Theobald*, nor Critic is *Pope*,
Nor does *Gay* for a Conjuror pass;
Arbuthnot and *Swift* may join Forces, I hope,
And 'tis easy to find out the Ass.

Advertisement.

The Impatience of the Publick for this
Work, has obliged Us to divide it into two
Parts. The last of which shall be published
foon after the Holydays, under the Title of
the POPEIAD. Printed for *E. Curll* in the
Strand.

TWICKENHAM,

Wes. Jan. Eve.

1728.

A. P.

M. S.

G. G.

Yesterday

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Covent-Garden, June 8. 1728.

Yesterday a Gentleman sent a Servant with the following Direction, viz. Go to Mr. Lewis the Bookseller for Mr. CURLL's Key to the Dunciad. If he has it not, go to Mr. CURLL's own Shop.

LEWIS on the back of the Gentleman's Paper writes this Answer.

SIR, My Boy has got a Key in Manuscript he is gon into the City, when he comes Home I'll send it.

That printed for CURLL is worth nothing.

The Gentleman sent LEWIS's Note to Mr. CURLL, and adds, Pray your Answer to Mr. LEWIS's Impertinence.

Mr. CURLL replies, Sir, No other Answer can be given to LEWIS's Impertinence, than imputing it to that Ignorance and Impudence for which he is so conspicuously remarkable.

Your Humble Servant, E. C.

To which LEWIS returned another of his elegant Billets.

SIR, The Porter of the Bedford-Head told me that he came from Mr. Bampsted for a Key to the Dunciad, I told him that my young Man had got one in Manuscript, which should be sent as soon as he returned out of the City; but how I come to be abused by C——L, I do not know, every Body knows his Character.

Your Humble Servant, W. L.

This Second Note the Gentleman likewise sent to Mr. CURLL, with the following Letter.

To Mr. CURLL,

SIR, The great Concern that Mr. LEWIS Labours under for the ill Language given you under his own Hand, cannot be better expressed than by his own Note, which I herewith send you, being one that wishes you perfectly well. J. D.

Now, it so happens that, Mr. CURLL's Key to the Dunciad faithfully unlocks all the Wards of that impudent Libel; and LEWIS's Boy's Key is in favour of the Libeller.

To Mr. William Lewis at his Shed under Tom's Coffee-House.

'Tis well for C——L his Character is known,
Thou'rt but a Mute even at Dulness' Throne,
Thy Style and faulty Spelling is thy Own.

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